

The Sun

AND NEW YORK PRESS.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1918.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.
All rights of reproduction of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.
Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

One Year	Six Months	Three Months
DAILY & SUNDAY, \$10.00	\$5.00	\$2.50
DAILY only, \$6.00	\$3.00	\$1.50
SUNDAY only, \$2.00	\$1.00	\$0.50
DAILY & SUNDAY, \$10.00	\$5.00	\$2.50
DAILY only, \$6.00	\$3.00	\$1.50
SUNDAY only, \$2.00	\$1.00	\$0.50

THE EVENING SUN, Per Month, \$1.00
THE EVENING SUN (Foreign), Per Mo. \$1.50
All checks, money orders, etc., to be made payable to The Sun.

Published daily, including Sunday, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association, 130 Nassau st., Borough of Manhattan, N. Y. President, Frank A. Munsey, 130 Nassau st.; Vice-President, Edwin W. McCullough, 130 Nassau st.; Treasurer, Wm. T. Dewar, 130 Nassau st.; Secretary, H. H. Titherington, 130 Nassau st.

London office, 40-43 Fleet street.
Paris office, 8 rue de la Michodiere, off rue du Croissant.
Washington office, Munsey Building, 130 Nassau st., Room 200, Eagle Building, 305 Washington street.

If our friends who favor us with money orders and checks returned them they must in all cases state for what purpose.
TELEPHONE, BEEKMAN 2200.

The Huge Fourth Liberty Loan Dragged Across With Heroic Effort, Put Within Out and Make the Next One Easy.

All the land is filled with rejoicing that the Fourth Liberty Loan is subscribed to the full six billions of dollars. The sense of elation over this colossal financial achievement here at home is second only to the spirit of triumph over the incomparable feat at arms of our sons and brothers abroad.

But there is no one of cool judgment that can ignore what was done with incessant effort and strain, what had to be done, to pull the loan through. It was like sweating blood. There is no one of clear discernment that can fail to see the cause and to apprehend the succeeding events, swiftly approaching. They loom bigger by far than this six billion loan just closed. They wear a visage infinitely more grim. They breathe a danger indescribably blacker.

Think of eight billions of dollars for taxes collectible while the subscribers for the six billions of a Liberty loan are still paying up! Think, while those taxpayers are bending double under that tax load of eight billions, of a fifth Liberty loan immediately required of perhaps another six billions! Then, in this engulfing, one after the other, of funds which stagger the imagination, funds equal, every one of them, to the total wealth of whole nations beyond our boundaries, think of KIRCHIN of Scotland Neck, North Carolina!

With a chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee capable of comprehending even the elementary principles of taxation there never would have been need of the struggle through which we have just gone to finish the Fourth Liberty Loan. With a chairman laying taxes, not to vent his spleen against sections, not to proscriber prosperity, not to terrorize business, but to raise revenues, the country never would have turned a hair over the Fourth Liberty Loan—never would turn a hair over the billions yet to come for taxes on the top of the billions for taxes.

But, with a chairman sworn to lay on the territory north of Mason and Dixon's line the cost of the war as a crushing fine, like fines laid by the Prussians four years ago on Liège, Brussels, Antwerp, Lille—with a chairman wrecking his sectional vengeance in such ways, the greatest lending power in the world was dynamited, the greatest taxpaying capacity was sacked, the greatest agency of production—the source of all taxes, all loans, all support of human needs and desires—was throttled.

With his economic superstitions and his intellectual deficiencies, KIRCHIN of Scotland Neck, North Carolina, did not have enough gumption about taxation without extinction of the thing taxed to know how and where to begin right on the task of raising revenue if he had wanted so to do. But his opportunity to carry out his threat of assessing the cost of the war on that part of the country north of Mason and Dixon's line was a good enough job for him. With all the impassioned sectionalism that was in him he went far as there was time for him to go.

But KIRCHIN cannot be permitted to go further on his mad-hatter course without utterly smashing the country's business, confounding the Government's undertakings and impeding the world's settling of the Hun. For

the fruition of our labors in Europe, for the safety of this nation, KIRCHIN must be shot out of the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee as the Hun is shot out of France and Belgium. Over there the work is for our soldiers. Here at home it is for our voters.

Two weeks from to-morrow elections for members of the House of Representatives will be held in every Congress district of the United States. Every voter in the United States, therefore, can use his vote to get rid of KIRCHIN. Elect a Republican House of Representatives, and KIRCHIN, as a national figure, will shrink from the dimensions of America to the limits of Scotland Neck, North Carolina. A Democratic majority in the House made KIRCHIN chairman of the Ways and Means Committee to the torment of statesmanship, to the mangling of business and to the bedevilment of Americanism, even its bread and butter in the days to come. A Republican majority in the House will unmake KIRCHIN to the restoration of sanity in revenue laws, to the rescue of industrial efficiency and to the security of the nation.

There will arise, to be sure, the partisan cry that President Wilson must not be deprived of his Congress support. It will be a fraudulent cry of desperate politics. In his measures for fighting and settling the war President Wilson will get as straightforward, full and ardent support from a Republican Congress as from a Democratic Congress. It will be as well a support enhanced in value and effect by intelligence and ability, instead of degraded by crass economic ignorance and perverted by poisonous sectional hatred.

No one can truthfully say that the President's war programme will lose anything of support by the election of a Republican Congress. No truth-telling tongue will say so. The New York World, while imploring, as a Democratic organ to be happy must, implore, the reelection of a Democratic Congress, has admitted specifically that there is and can be no honest doubt about the loyal support Mr. Wilson would have from a Republican Congress. These are the World's own words:

"No question of patriotism is involved in this election. No sane man doubts that a Republican Congress will be as patriotic, in the accepted sense of the word, as a Democratic Congress. No sane man doubts that a Republican Congress will be as loyal to the flag and as eager to win the war as a Democratic Congress. There are individual Republican candidates who ought to be beaten on the issue of patriotism, and there are individual Democrats who have proved equally unworthy, but these particular cases do not affect the general rule that there is nothing to choose between the patriotism of the two parties."

And with nobody, Democrat or whatever he may be, able to question in honesty and candor the loyal Republican support of the President's war programme, which would be as sure as the rising of the sun, the country owes it to itself, owes it to its armies on the battle line, owes it to its Treasury, owes it to the Chief Magistrate himself, to obliterate Chairman KIRCHIN of Scotland Neck, North Carolina, by electing on November 5 an overwhelming Congress majority of Republicans. The job can be done two weeks from to-morrow. Let no voter in any Congress district fail to do his part.

Get rid of KIRCHIN!

Chairman Baruch's Prestidigitation.
Chairman BARUCH's latest order curtailing production will receive much public attention. There is none of us who will not be affected in comfort or convenience by the lessened production effected by the energetic chairman's efforts to divert the uses of raw material and labor from less to more urgent purposes. Mr. BARUCH, his countrymen will now realize, sees life steadily and sees it whole; from kitchen to cashier's cage, from velvet greens of golf links to humble homes where machine made melody pipes bravely play the jazz, the trot, enticing youth to shake a leg, age to sleep, few comforts or luxuries are spared.

Merchant, banker, dazedly seeking mechanical aid to total up his taxes, finds that the calculating machines have gone to the making of shells for FRANKLIN; seek they relief for nerves in golf, the putting greens' tall grass and nodding weeds wave them back—lawn mowers are now made into tanks. It will be prudent now for housewives to store their corn meal in the ice box, lest rats and mice suffer thereon, for Mr. BARUCH is making wire entanglements of rat traps. No more the softly cooling biscuit torn, the penny cone of frozen cream dear to childhood, for ice cream freezers, by a deft twist of the chairman's wrist, are now converted into depth charge containers.

Machine made music slumbers in its black disks, the awakening needles have been lengthened into wires which sing to the skies the shrill battle songs of flying warriors. We mention but a few of the dep-

privations, all of which will be patriotically endured. But the chairman's orders have a compensatory element; strollers no longer have existence as such. They have been made into duck boards, walks for wet trenches. A masterful stroke! Civilization has been compelled reluctantly to acknowledge that Yankee ingenuity has never devised a stepladder which could be opened without profanity, adjusted for use without symptoms of dizziness, or used when opened without risk of life, limb and religion.

Altogether an order of interest. In one respect it puzzles. The manufacture of bottles has been curtailed. Why? Has Mr. BARUCH in the distraction of his duties not felt the splendid surge of a great reform? Bottles! There are more bottles drained bone dry of their hellish contents and now dumped on a falling market than will again be needed while reason holds her sway!

The Lost Fence of Bowling Green.
From 1770 to 1914 Bowling Green in this city was partly surrounded by an iron fence, which was an object of much interest to antiquarians and students of our local history as an ante-Revolutionary relic. When the subway was under construction in that locality, in July, 1914, it became necessary to remove this fence for the time being; and twenty-five sections thereof, each section being about eight feet in length, were placed in the custody of the Park Department and delivered in complete order at its storage yard in Central Park, near Ninety-sixth street. This fencing has now disappeared.

Two sales of scrap iron have been made by the Department of Parks since the Bowling Green fence was thus deposited in its yard; and a report by Police Commissioner ENRIGHT on the subject, addressed to the Mayor, indicates that the pre-Revolutionary fencing was included in one of these sales and has probably been melted up as old iron. At all events, the report makes it plain that the ancient fence is gone beyond recall.

This occurrence is discreditable to the custodians of the property placed in storage with the Park Department and also to the various societies interested in the preservation of historic monuments and relics in the city and State of New York. The headquarters of the Sons of the Revolution are at France's Tavern, not far distant from Bowling Green. Why did not this organization, whose members are distinguished for their public and patriotic spirit, see to it that the royal and colonial fence was properly cared for and safeguarded? Where were the eyes of the Society of Colonial Dames while this spoliation was going on? Why was the New York Historical Society quiescent?

We do not propose to cry over the loss of spilled milk; but the institutions which we have named and other similar organizations may well take warning from the inexcusable disappearance of the fence of Bowling Green. Other historic monuments are threatened with destruction or injury from time to time in order to permit the modern improvement of the city. Let all our patriotic societies keep their eyes and ears open and protect objects of historic or antiquarian interest which temporarily stand in the way of progress.

The municipal authorities should be notified of their willingness to act in the premises and aid in the preservation of relics of the past, which we cannot afford to lose.

On Buying a New Suit.
A citizen who does not know which rose to pluck in the blooming field of duty puts to THE SUN the problem of the thorns:

"To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I wish THE SUN would shed an illuminating ray on a simple yet perplexing question which I am sure bothers many minds as well as my own during these paralytic days of war.
"Why, if we can afford it, should we not buy new clothes for winter, rather than to shamble around in our old rags? Is it so that we may selfishly be able to buy another bond or two, while, by depriving the tradesman of his profit, we make it impossible for him? It seems to me that there is a lot of buncombe in this kind of argument, and my opinion is that it is our patriotic duty to buy new clothes if we need them and send our castoffs to the suffering Belgians."
"WILL THE SUN please say?"
"JNO. C. HOWARD."
"GODENSBURG, October 19."

If the buying of a suit meant nothing more than the transfer of Mr. HOWARD's money from his pocket to the pocket of the clothing dealer we should advise him to buy the suit and rely upon the patriotic dealer to invest the money in the next bond issue or to distribute part of the price among the various worthy organizations which presently will ask to have their war chests filled.

In time of war, however, the purchase of a suit of clothes is an operation of far-reaching importance. It stretches from the buyer, admiring himself in the cheval glass, back to the sheep that browses on distant hills. To begin with, can the wool for Mr. HOWARD's suit be spared from the supply necessary to clothe the American army? Let us assume that it is to be spared, else the Government would not have permitted it to pass into the civilian trade. Is the labor to be spared to make Mr. HOWARD's suit? A suit of clothes requires more work for its production than is represented on the time sheets of a tailor shop. Labor washes and shears the sheep. Labor sends the wool by railroad to the mills. Labor

scours, wiles, mixes, oils, cards and spins the wool into cloth. Labor brushes and dyes the cloth. Labor carts the bolts of cloth to and from the cars. Labor cuts, sews and presses the clothing. Labor makes the buttons. Labor brings the clothing to the jobber. Labor takes it to the retailer. Labor exhibits it to the admiring customer. Labor does book-keeping all the way along the line.

When a million Mr. HOWARDs decide to make the old suit do a while longer, hundreds of working people are released from what they are doing in the way of transforming the sheep's wool into clothing. They are free to take up tasks more essential to the winning of the war. The burden on the railroads of war time, on the trucks of war time, is lightened. The \$35,000,000 which the Mr. HOWARDs don't spend is free to be put to the use of the Government. The nation keeps the labor, the Government borrows the money, and the Mr. HOWARDs, instead of having nice new suits, have their old suits padded on the left breast with bonds.

THE SUN does not advise Mr. HOWARD or anybody else to dress in a manner that will lower his self-respect. But these times are not like the times of peace, when the general prosperity is heightened by the lively circulation of money and the active employment of labor in the manufacture of those things which, although necessities in peace, are luxuries in war. The Government will keep the money circulating and there is no scarcity of employment.

A correspondent of the New York Times ascribes the phrase "The public be damned" to Commodore VANDEBILT and disputes the title of VANDEBILT to its authorship. He says that about the time of the panic of 1873 the father of WILLIAM H. VANDEBILT was credited with the expression and "the fathers of Nassau street were selling a metal figure of the Commodore about one and a half inches high, which, when pressed head and thumb, threw its thumb to its nose; and the father's cry in selling it was 'The public be damned.' This may be true, but it is not the least true that the sentiment, in its relation to the indifference of railway corporations to public rights and comfort, was attributed to WILLIAM H. VANDEBILT in an interview with him by a correspondent, we believe, of the Chicago Times, nearly ten years after the panic of 1873. This same correspondent was accustomed to confess in private, without shame and even with yellow professional glee, that "the public be damned" was the child of his own unscrupulous invention, and that WILLIAM H. VANDEBILT, who really uttered it, as alleged in his report.

The congratulations offered to Cardinal Gibbons on the golden jubilee of his episcopate recorded the heartfelt rejoicings of Americans of all faiths and creeds, who bear the highest respect and affection for a man as honored as a citizen as he is distinguished as a churchman.

The new food regulations for restaurant patronage, which will require the use of a public eating house will read with care the right hand entries on the bill of fare.

Because the loan drive is over is no reason for any one slackening his efforts toward the winning of the war.

The Crown Prince confined himself to snickering and slapping the delegates on the back, giving to them a hearty and somewhat ungracious welcome.

War has not changed him.

The recess of Congress wears the aspect of a serious impediment of the adjournment of politics.

What are the formalities imposed on a policeman whose duty compels him to arrest a person to whom he sold a Liberty bond?

It would not be amazing to learn that the Berlin War Office has announced to appease a wrathful people that Belgium is being voluntarily evacuated in compliance with President Wilson's demands.

THE VOICE OF WOMAN.

A Letter to the President From College Women.

My dear Mr. President:

The National Federation of College Women, speaking officially through their president, representing 70,000 individuals, congratulate the President of these United States upon his reply to Germany's request for an armistice.

Those who have sons at the front and those who serve at home join in the request that we adhere to the policy of War to Victory; an unconditional surrender by the Central Powers; the abolition of the Kaiser; and the cessation of military rule in Germany.

They beseech the womanhood of the United States to "carry on" and not to talk of Peace while the sun shines on a newly made American soldier's grave in France, and the sword of Prussia still is raised over Belgium.

Respectfully submit with their renewed offer of loyalty and service to their country.

THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF COLLEGE WOMEN.

MYRA KINGMAN MILLER, President.

NEW YORK, October 19.

He Changes His Tailor.

When he was just a little boy, To deck him out in smartest best It was his mother's keenest joy, To labor with material waste.

And so to Peter Thompson's shop Forthwith she took him, for you see, With snuff and dandy had resolved A full rigged sailor man to be.

THE INFLUENZA.

Avoid Crowds and Breathe Fresh Air for Safety.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The prevailing pandemic of influenza must inevitably delay, for a moment at least, the victory of the allied armies, and for that, if for no other reason, it is the most inopportune outbreak of disease that the world has ever suffered. In addition, there is nothing to be gained by closing one's eyes to the fact that the present pandemic has a mortality unrecalled in any of the previously recorded eruptions of influenza—and the disease, in its universally disseminated form, is by no means unknown to civilization, the last century having witnessed four worldwide flights.

The last pandemic began in the Far East, as had others before it. The disease soon reached Moscow, whence it spread over the European prairie with a rapidity not incommensurate to that of the fastest methods of conveyance known to the world of thirty years ago. New York was soon invaded and the American continent, in its entirety, swept from coast to coast. Within a year the disease had visited every corner of the earth, attacking indiscriminately about 40 per cent of the population, leaving in its wake, however, a relatively small list of dead.

A given community the epidemic lived for a period of six to eight weeks, and for three or four years after the pandemic had subsided isolated groups of cases occurred in scattered quarters, while still other localities seemed never to become purified, notably certain Asiatic provinces, where overworking and insanitary conditions, and the Oriental proletariat combined to keep alive foci of infection which otherwise would have disappeared.

Doubtless it was from such a quarter that the present configuration started, the hygienic sanctity of Continental Europe having been violated not only by war of the East, but by the hordes of Chinese coolies engaged as laborers behind the fighting lines in France. However this may be, the fact remains that the sickness is of a tribe that slumbers through a season of years, and then wanders in search of game or pasture, and that it has come to us now, it is the most ruthless and restless traveler that ever joined the caravan of nomadic disease.

The pandemic of 1889-90 conferred at least one benediction—namely, opportunity to investigate the cause of the disease and to identify its bacillary character. Since that time, however, it has made it possible to prepare a vaccine which, if scientific medicine duplicates its experience with typhoid fever, will permit the world to anticipate the next outbreak of influenza without fear that the disease will become either rampant or protective vaccination, if administered, fresh air and the avoidance of crowds are the two best preventives known to common sense or science.

DOUGLAS STAMMER, M. D., Director of Laboratories, Bellevue and Allied Hospitals.

NEW YORK, October 19.

BRIDGE TENDERS' PAY.

The Modest Ambition of Faithful City Employees.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I read in THE SUN Edward P. Doyle's statement that laborers are earning at the rate of \$1.40 a day and skilled labor at the rate of \$6.50 and extra pay for overtime.

I am a bridge tender in the Department of Plant and Structures, having passed a promotion examination from laborer. I call it a demotion in salary, pure and simple.

I protest in the way our salary has been made up in the three years past. In 1917 twenty men received \$60 less in the year. Was it for political reason? In 1918 165 men received less wages than laborers, watchmen and attendants.

Bridge tenders received at the rate of \$2.80 a day in 1915, \$3.75 for the year less than Alderman Kenney's resolution called for.

I see in the 1918 tentative budget that all laborers are to get \$12.25 a day. Our salary will be about \$3.95 a day, again \$7.50 less than laborers.

I claim that bridge tenders should receive \$12.00 a year; that would be about \$2.25 a day. I sat for two days listening to arguments in the City Hall about the tentative budget, and no one objected to men earning less than laborers' pay. We buy our uniforms, rubber coats, rubber caps, pay \$15 a year carfare, and work seven days a week.

For one am most interested in lending my money for Liberty bonds and War Savings Stamps and contributing to the Red Cross than the high cost of living. We are deserving, and for the work that we perform the full seven days and the full time of eight hours, is not a bad thing.

Billy Walker is the man that is in the open for living wages to all underpaid city employees.

WILLIAM WALKER, Bridge Tender, Willis Avenue Bridge, New York, October 19.

THE FALL.

Two Extracts From the Works of a Passing Monarch.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Look upon this picture:

Remember that you are the Chosen People. The Spirit of the Lord has descended upon me, because I am the Emperor of the German People. I am the Emperor of the German People. I am the Emperor of the German People.

They beseech the womanhood of the United States to "carry on" and not to talk of Peace while the sun shines on a newly made American soldier's grave in France, and the sword of Prussia still is raised over Belgium.

Respectfully submit with their renewed offer of loyalty and service to their country.

THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF COLLEGE WOMEN.

MYRA KINGMAN MILLER, President.

NEW YORK, October 19.

He Changes His Tailor.

When he was just a little boy, To deck him out in smartest best It was his mother's keenest joy, To labor with material waste.

And so to Peter Thompson's shop Forthwith she took him, for you see, With snuff and dandy had resolved A full rigged sailor man to be.

COMMANDER STERLING.

An Appreciation of the Officer Who Policed Vera Cruz.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In the sudden death of Commander Archibald Graham Sterling from pneumonia the navy has lost a brilliant member of that younger group of naval officers of command rank who have done so much to modernize and popularize the service within recent years.

Commander (then Lieutenant) Sterling was in command of a company from the battleship Utah when the naval forces of the United States landed under fire and seized the city of Vera Cruz in 1914. To the Utah's battalion then fell the duty of policing and guarding the city.

The catastrophe of the present war, which broke upon the world while the fleet was still at Vera Cruz, made an instant and profound impression on the young Sterling's imagination and patriotism. He clearly saw—his training and traditions directed him to see—that our own eventual participation in any world conflict was inevitable. The one impulse of his life at once became his unremitting effort that, so far as it lay in him, the service should never equal the supreme test of war when the hour struck. He had a keen sense for public duty. He had a gift for seeing news. When many another officer sat back and shrugged, or tried to cover up or explain away, young Sterling, by nature skeptical of "reforming from within," means always within the limits of naval regulation to invoke the corrective pressure of public opinion. The world may never know to how great a degree the immense naval appropriations of the following years were indirectly due to his efforts. This must be in some measure the consolation of that host of friends who have left behind, especially in this city, when he is cut off at the very threshold of command rank and before his career could test its brilliant promise of fulfillment. Always a naval officer, he had still his very human side. His gift for satire discovered an opportunity for fun, his boyish love of mischief, the delight of all who knew him well. With a personality of unusual charm and refinement he represented all that is true, practical and best in the naval service. He came of a distinguished family of naval officers, and he was a devoted family man. He was married to a very capable and devoted wife, and he had a very capable and devoted son.

He died as he had lived, in the line of duty.

NEW YORK, October 19.

WHY THE FIELD CLERK?

An Army Institution the Enlisted Man Can't Understand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It is a matter of astonishment, and some chagrin, to every enlisted man in this great army of ours that the field clerk, per se, exists at all as a part of the army. It cannot be that his work is of a nature that calls for him alone, because his work is being done at home and abroad. The field clerk is not an enlisted man, not a part of the army at all; but his dress so closely resembles the uniform of an officer of the army that newly made privates often salute the field clerk, thinking him to be an officer. The rookie who makes this blunder do not hear the last of it from their comrades for many days.

Inasmuch as the private is doing and has always done the work of the field clerk, will you tell me why the field clerk is invited to do army work, and especially why, being a civilian, he should be permitted to ape the uniform of an officer? Many thousands of us who gladly have given our services to the big job would thank you for an answer to this question.

SYDNEY B. FLOWER, Private, Medical Department, U. S. A. Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J., October 19.

THE NAVY WANTS SEXTANTS.

Lend Them to the Hydrographic Office for Inspection.

The navy is in urgent need of sextants, either new or used, and any person having one or more of these instruments is requested to bring them to the Branch Hydrographic Office, 78 Broad street, New York city, where they will be inspected as to their fitness for use and an appraisal value placed on them.

Sextants with ivory scales or adjustments are not desirable for navy use. Payment will be made to the owners of the instruments accepted.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S COUNSEL.

No Peace Without Victory Is the Country's Demand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: No peace by negotiation!

The murderers and assassins of women and children on land and sea should not be allowed to have a voice in any peace settlements.

Germany should first be invaded, and terms of peace, indemnity and restitution be dictated from Berlin.

Anything less than this means that our millions of 'dads have died in vain. In the words of the immortal Grant: "Unconditional surrender" of the German war lords means for you and me and generations yet unborn absolute freedom from so-called civilized warfare.

JOHN W. SEAVEN, Private 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery, 1562 LYNBROOK, N. Y., October 19.

The Martial Spirit of Eighteen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The majority of the boys of eighteen are eager to fight and help their country, but how can they do so except by having some special trade or by going into the marines, a branch that not every boy can enter?

Why not let down the bars and let them fight ahead of their time? They are eager to do so. I am 15 and know how the boys feel.

R. W. II, BROOKLYN, October 15.

TELL DR. COPELAND.

The Health Commissioner Will Keep You Warm.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: While Dr. Copeland is busy issuing orders to prevent the spread of influenza, we are being overtaken by a cold, and house owners who have not turned on the heat? Landlords who work elevator women fourteen hours a day in direct violation of the law are overlooked by both the health and labor departments. Why? HENRY T. PRICE, NEW YORK, October 19.

FITNESS TO BE TESTED FOR COMMISSIONS NEW FILET CALLS FOR MORE CONSULS

Gen. March Announces New System for Handling Civilian Applications.

BRANCHES ARE UNIFIED SHIPS FOR EVERY PORT

Personnel Department to Act With Training Camps Association.

Urges Changes in Laws to Provide Better Paid Men and Greater Staff.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—Within ten years the United States will have in operation 25,000,000 tons of merchant shipping—the greatest fleet in the world—and yet unless a plan and its execution are quickly put through, the United States will be unable to handle this shipping and fleet trade. We will have the greatest merchant fleet in the world and the poorest consular organization in the world.

This problem, one of the big problems to be solved immediately after the coming of peace, already is engaging the attention of Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board. Hurley urged to-day that steps be taken at once to provide facilities for handling the tremendous tonnage which will be added under the American flag when the war is over. Mr. Hurley has made a study of this subject and in an elaborate report today he laid the facts before the consular people. In the first place, he told a story. An American Consul serving recently in a Spanish port was approached by one of his agents from another port, who asked the Consul if he had ever cleared a ship flying the American flag.

"No," said the Consul, "and if I had to do it I wouldn't know how to do it."

No American Ship in Nine Years.
At Queenstown, Ireland, one of his greatest ports of call in the world, a vessel flying the American flag had not touched in nine years previous to 1914, at which time war demands and shipping emergencies diverted American shipping. This was true of many other great ports. But all that is changed and will be changed more completely, for less than two years will see under the Stars and